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THE SICK RUSSITE SUCCOURED BY THE CHILDREN OF NAUMBURG.

## THE WEAVER OF NAUMBURG;

OR, THE TRIUMPHS OF MEEKNESS.

CHAPTER V.

THE visitation of the pestilence was yet fresh in the remembrance of the Naumburgers, when  
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Wolf's children, one fine morning, set off to school. They were joined on the way by other school-fellows, and, by the time they reached the market-place, they formed quite a troop of boys and girls. Here was a fountain, which poured its clear waters into a large trough, around which

another troop of children was standing, with their eyes fixed upon something on the ground. It was a strange, spare-looking man, who sat leaning his back against the lower part of the water-trough. His cap was pushed back on his head, and his straight yellow hair fell over his sun-burnt forehead, which was disfigured by a deep purple scar. Another scar extended from the corner of his mouth to his ear, and indicated pretty plainly that his profession was not of the most peaceful description. His dress consisted of a doublet of coarse brown cloth and dirty deer-skin hose, with short boots on his feet. A stout broadsword—a sign, in those days, of a free man—hung by his side. He appeared to have sunk down beside the water-trough, in great exhaustion or serious illness. His mouth was half open and he panted for breath, and a deadly paleness overspread his weather-beaten countenance. But what most plainly betrayed how much he was suffering, was the fixed and glassy expression of his deeply sunken eyes.

The children looked upon the stranger with a mixture of curiosity and fear. A low murmur ran through the youthful circle, but not one of the children either addressed a sympathising question to the sick man, or ventured to offer him any assistance.

"The strange man lying there," said a little girl to the new-comers, "wanted to go up the steps to the water-trough, but staggered and fell down. Whether he wanted to drink or to wash himself, I do not know."

On hearing this, Erwin hastily ran up the steps, and, taking his leather cap from his head, he turned it inside out and held it under the spout, till it was filled to the brim. But just as he was about to offer his primitive drinking-cup to the stranger, he was caught hold of and held back by half-a-dozen hands.

"Stop!" cried the children in horror; and a boy put his mouth close to Erwin's ear and whispered—"It is a Hussite!"

"A Hussite!" exclaimed Erwin, with a sudden start, spilling all the water out of his cap.

"Yes, a Hussite!" repeated the boy. "Stein said so, and he knows the Hussites well. He has often stood opposed to them, and seen their faces."

"A Hussite!" said Erwin again, shaking himself, and staring in horror at the man-eater, as they had been taught to consider them.

"Poor man," said Martin, Erwin's brother, "I am sorry for him too. See, Erwin, how he looks at us, and raises his hand to his mouth, as if he wanted to drink. Who knows whether Stein spoke true? I will ask the man if he really is a Hussite or not."

"Oh, he will not confess it," said a boy.

"But I will ask him so that he must answer me," cried Martin. He approached the stranger, and said slowly and in a loud voice: "Are you a Christian? Do you believe in Jesus, the crucified Son of God?"

The supposed Hussite nodded his head feebly, and with some effort.

"Stein was wrong!" cried Martin, triumphantly; "give me your cap, Erwin; it is already wet. We may give the poor man some water to drink."

None of the children now made any opposition, as Martin gave the water to the stranger, who eagerly swallowed the refreshing draught, and thanked the boy with a grateful look that went to his heart, and encouraged him to offer further help.

"Are you hungry too?" he asked the soldier, drawing a piece of bread—his breakfast—out of his pocket, and offering it to him.

"Here are a few juniper-berries," said Erwin, putting some into the man's hand; "chew them, if you feel ill; they will do you good."

Compassion now overcame the other children's fear and abhorrence of the supposed enemy, and they crowded round him with contributions of food of various kinds; when suddenly they heard a voice behind them, exclaiming—"What are you doing there, children? Away with you from the wretch—the Hussite!"

"You are mistaken, Stein," said Erwin; "the strange man there is no Hussite. My brother Martin has questioned him."

"Pooh!" replied the drummer; "do not I know his Bohemian face, with the straight flaxen hair; nor these leathern hose, these buskins, and this short sword?"

"Oh, ho! Stein," said Erwin, with a sly smile, "have you forgotten how you described the Hussites to us? Is this man like a shaggy wolf or bear? Does his beard reach half-way to his knees? Is his hair like a lion's mane? Has he teeth like the tusks of a wild boar? Is his head thicker than your own? and are his finger-nails like eagles' claws?"

"That is true!" cried the group of children, laughing heartily. "That is exactly the way you described the Hussites to us, when you were calling the burghers together to practise soldiering."

"The brats have a longer memory than I have," grumbled Stein, angrily, to himself. He then said aloud:—"He would have been a stupid fellow if he had ventured into Naumburg in his full Hussite costume. You shall see directly that I am right. Hollo there, comrade! If you are a true man, curse the arch-heretic Huss, who has done so much mischief with his pernicious doctrines."

On hearing this proposition, the stranger's scarred visage became clouded. He drew his bushy eyebrows together, and muttered something, but he made no audible reply.

"There you have it!" said Stein, triumphantly to the children. "If that heathen had strength enough, he would cleave my head with his sword, or run me through the body. He ought to be knocked on the head like a savage dog, instead of being supplied with food and water."

The children who had given their breakfasts to the Hussite, now looked at each other in dismay. The clock striking nine, happily put an end to their embarrassment, and sent most of them off in haste to school. What had taken place at the water-trough gave occasion for a loud and general discussion, which was not silenced even by the entrance of Wolf upon the scene.

"What an extraordinary noise!" he said, sternly. "What are you all shouting about? Silence! silence!"

"Your son committed a grievous sin," said one of the lingering boys; and his words were echoed by others.

"A grievous sin?" inquired Wolf, greatly shocked; "I am very sorry to hear it, especially of Martin, whom I have always thought a very good boy. What have he and the rest done wrong?"

"He has given drink to a sick Hussite," said his accuser, "who was lying in the market-place; and the piece of bread he had for his breakfast besides. And Benjamin Stromeier gave him a bun, and Gertrude Raspe a bunch of sweet cherries, and many of the other children gave him something."

"Did the sun shine upon the Hussite?" asked Wolf, turning to the accusing boy.

"Yes," he answered, "straight in his face."

"But the water," continued Wolf, "which Martin gave him, did not go into his mouth, I suppose; or if it did, burnt his throat like fire?"

"Oh no," answered Gregor, "he swallowed it greedily, and drank all Erwin's capful. And then he patted himself on the breast, as a sign that it was good."

"Remember, my children, our Saviour commanded us to love our enemies, to bless them that curse us, to do good to them that despitefully use us and persecute us, that we may be the children of our Father which is in heaven. Martin and the others have done quite right to succour the stranger at the fountain, without waiting to learn what his faith was. It was thus that the compassionate Samaritan acted, whom our Saviour brought before us for our imitation."

These were delightful words of consolation to the accused children. Now that their consciences were quieted, they rejoiced that they had done what they had, and what, instead of being pronounced a great sin, was declared to be a kind and charitable action. Wolf did not content himself with words of approval. He considered it his duty to promote the good work which the children had begun.

By this time a number of angry women were standing aloof with empty buckets, and bitterly complaining that on account of the Hussite, who certainly was seized with the black death, they could not come to the water, and were losing their precious time. Men who passed near the fountain threw dark looks at the sick soldier, and muttered threats against him; for Stein had been indefatigable in proclaiming him to be a barbarous Hussite.

Master Wolf soon convinced himself that the stranger could neither talk with him nor stand upright. He appeared to be quite insensible, and in a high fever. After a moment's consideration, the weaver turned to his son and said: "Erwin, run across to Master Ruland, the joiner, and beg him, in my name, to come with his hand-barrow, and help me to carry this poor man to our house."

Whilst Erwin obeyed his father's directions, a murmur arose amongst the men and women who were standing by. "Is Wolf crazy," they said, "that he means to take into his house a man who is sick of the plague, and a wretched Hussite? Is our town to be again visited by the black death through his folly, after we have already lost so many by it?"

Master Wolf plainly heard these and other

expressions of disapproval, but took no notice of them, and quietly awaited the coming of the hand-barrow and its bearers. To his great disappointment, however, Erwin returned alone, and in reply to his impatient inquiries, said: "Master Ruland told me to say, that, for a Hussite and one seized with the plague, he has neither a barrow nor a pair of helping hands."

Wolf stood for a moment in silence, and then saying, "Stay here with the sick man—I will soon be back," he hastened away. After a short time he returned, followed by his wife, who could not comprehend for what reason her good man had taken the front door off its hinges, and, hoisting it on his shoulders, called to her to come with him. It was all explained, however, when they reached the fountain.

"Help me, Ursula and Erwin," he said, "to lift the sick man who is lying there, upon the door, and carry him to our house. If we possessed a truck, or any kind of vehicle, we should not have needed to turn our door into a hand-barrow."

"But, dear Andreas," objected Ursula, in consternation, "do you not hear how these people are blaming and abusing you? Shall we with our own hands carry the black death bodily into our house, to infect us all? And besides," she added, colouring, "is it suitable for a common-councilman and his wife to make public porters of themselves?"

"Do as I tell you!" answered Wolf, zealously; "God's own Son bore his heavy cross upon his shoulders, and commanded all who would follow after him, to take up their cross likewise. Remember, too, his words: 'I was a stranger and ye took me in.' We now have a house of our own, and cannot, therefore, refuse to obey God's holy word; so make haste; I will take the poor man by the arms, whilst you and Erwin each lift a leg, to get him upon the door."

"The hound of a Hussite should be taken up with the smith's tongs, not with men's hands," said a burgher indignantly to Wolf, "and thrust out of the town to perish like a dog."

"Nay," replied Wolf, "would it be wise to do as you have said, were his friends to learn how Naumburg had treated one of their adherents? They are not far from our neighbourhood. You should rather thank me, then, for taking charge of the sick Hussite, that his comrades may at least have no excuse to put forward for attacking our town."

The truth of this speech was so apparent, that Wolf's censurers were put to silence. They looked on with disapproval, but without open opposition, whilst Wolf, assisted by his wife and son, lifted the sick man upon the door, and with great difficulty carried him away.

"Our new common-councilman," said a burgher, "is—a fool!"

"Hum!" said another, "I hold him rather to be a Hussite at heart."

Mrs. Wolf was a good wife, obliging and obedient to her husband. As soon as they arrived at home, she cheerfully set about preparing a comfortable bed in a little spare room, to which the still unconscious soldier was immediately carried. Master Wolf, meanwhile, administered to his patient a cooling draught of boiled elderberry juice, for the

purpose of reducing the fever. It was not long before the cold fit was changed into a violent heat, in which the sick man talked loud and confusedly, and threw himself restlessly from side to side. Having placed a large jug of fresh spring water beside his couch, and commissioned Erwin to tend him carefully, and frequently to give him to drink, he returned with a satisfied conscience to his room.

Although Wolf and his family did not sleep close by the sick man's chamber, they were, nevertheless, much disturbed by the noise that he made, and could scarcely get any rest the whole night. As the morning broke, the Hussite became more tranquil, and by degrees regained his consciousness; and on the evening of the second day he desired something to eat. Erwin, to whom the care of their guest was wholly made over, brought him a large bowl of beer-soup—a dish for a sick man, at which our doctors of the present day would raise hands and eyes in astonishment.

"Oh, mother!" said Erwin, when he returned with the empty bowl, "I have always thought that Stein was the greatest eater in the town; but he is nothing compared to our Hussite. The soup was gone like lightning, and he would have eaten three more such bowls, if he had had them. But he has not got a dry thread about him, and father has lent him his mantle and one of his shirts, that he might hang up his own to dry. He has not had the black death, that is certain, or he would not be so brisk in this short time. If he is quite well to-morrow, I will get him to tell me something about the Hussites. And I will ask him what he dreamt of in his delirium, when he fought with his arms and shouted so loud."

Erwin's curiosity was fated to remain unsatisfied, for when he went next morning, with another basin of soup and a huge slice of bread, to the Hussite's room, he found it empty; the man had flown, and the window was still open through which he had evidently taken his departure. And he had taken something else besides, for Wolf's shirt and mantle were nowhere to be found. Without greeting and without thanks, the stranger was gone—a very painful disappointment for the philanthropic Wolf!

"That is what you have got by your kindness," said Ursula, indignantly, to her husband, on hearing the bad news. "So we have harboured a man who has robbed us by way of thanks! That shall not happen to me a second time."

"Well, well," replied Wolf, philosophically, "we need not break our hearts about it. Have we not had a whole house with court and garden given to us? We can afford to lose a shirt and a mantle. The runaway cannot possibly say of us that we have used him ill. It would have been worse if he had died in the house, or infected us with the plague, though, for the matter of that, he cannot have had it himself." \*

\* That such men as the guest in question were occasionally found among the Hussites need not be denied; but the visitor in question cannot be accepted as at all an exemplification of the doctrines which Huss taught, for these were emphatically those of the Gospel. In the translation, a few liberties have been taken with the original, the more completely to adapt it for general usefulness.

## YOUNG MEN AND FLOWERS.

It is my happiness to be one of a small society of young men, who, under the superintendence of our minister and his curate, meet regularly for mutual improvement. During the winter months our plan embraces lectures and conversational meetings on scientific and general subjects, it being a fundamental principle of our constitution that the Bible shall be recognised as the basis of all our operations. In summer we have found it an agreeable relaxation to apply ourselves to the study of botany—meeting weekly for the examination of plants, and taking advantage of public holidays for that most delightful of all *réunions*—a botanical ramble.

It was on the general holiday of Whit-Monday that at the "trysting" spot—a picturesque bridge which spanned the murmuring stream—we met, mustering in all about twenty-one, our usual number being augmented by the valuable addition of an experienced botanist from the adjacent city of York. Furnished with our tins, diggers, books, and good stout walking-sticks, we set forth, shaping our course towards one of our lovely Yorkshire woods. Our path at first led through a broad pasture, bright with golden buttercups, and spangled over by

"The little flower,  
With silver crest and golden eye,  
That welcomes every changing hour,  
And weathers every sky."

Here, too, were gathered some beautiful grasses, the sedge that scents the new-made hay, and the sky-blue speedwell, so fragile and so fair.

Our route next lay along the shady lane, within whose sheltered hedgerows nestled the modest *Adoxa*, with its square head of little green flowers, the four at the sides ranged back to back, being five-cleft, and having ten stamens, while the solitary one which crowns the whole is four-cleft with eight stamens. Side by side grew the common dog violet, more beautiful but not so sweet as its predecessor; the cheerful ground ivy (*Glechoma hederacea*) formerly used instead of hops; and the starry pilewort (*Ficaria verna*), Wordsworth's favourite flower, about which he writes—

"Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,  
Let them live upon their praises;  
There's a flower that shall be mine—  
'Tis the little celandine."

The common perennial mercury, which is to be found everywhere, but is nevertheless rather troublesome to the young botanist, with its dicious flowers; the merry stitchwort (*Stellaria holostea*), whose snow-white petals peep out all along the green hedgerow; the harmless red dead nettle, and its handsomer relation, *Lamium album*; and the exquisite yellow lady's bedstraw, (*Galium cricutum*), so called because in former times, when feather beds were unknown, it was strewn on the chamber floors of the fair sex.

But by this time we have reached the wood, and already some of our party have gathered the common bugle (*Ajuga reptans*), a few of the last pale primroses, a bunch of early cowslips, and a fine specimen of the rarer ox-lip, said to be an hybrid between the two. Here, however, we come upon a stranger; it has four green leaves, arranged at

right angles, and its green flower rising from the centre, which will be followed by a purple berry, tells us that it is true love (*Paris quadrifolia*). It is very remarkable, because although it is an endogenous plant, having only one seed lobe, yet still it has net-veined leaves, a feature peculiar to the exogens, or plants having two seed lobes.

Here, too, we find abundantly the anemone, or wind flower, with its five slightly-tinted petals; the garlick (*Allium ursinum*), which, despite its pungent odour, is one of the most elegant of our wood flowers; the gracefully drooping water avens (*Geum rivale*), and the little umbelliferous wood sanicle; the delicate sorrel (*Oxalis acetosella*), with its exquisitely-pencilled petals, and the curious cuckoo pint (*Arum maculatum*),

"That in a mantling hood conceals  
Her sanguine club, and spreads her spotted leaf,  
Armed with keen tortures for the unwary tongue."

But, hark! some of our party have made an extraordinary discovery, if one may judge from their vociferations. It is but a little tug up the hill, and a smart scrambling through the bushes, and we are on the spot. It is certainly an odd-looking plant, having a fleshy, cream-coloured stalk, slightly tinged with purple, covered at the base with curious scales, and furnished with pendulous flowers ranged down one side. It is the greater toothwort (*Lathraea squamaria*), and is a parasitic plant, growing in the present instance upon the roots of the hazel. We are now in the very heart of the wood, and innumerable almost are the budding beauties which meet our eye and tempt our study.

There are the profuse pinnate leaves of the salad burnet, formerly eaten at table; the yellow herb bennet (*Geum urbanum*), used to flavour ale; the numerous bright yellow whorls of the weasel snout (*Galeobdolon luteum*); the little strawberry (*Potentilla fragariastrum*), which decorates with its wax-white and golden-eyed flowers the dry bank; the rose-coloured campion (*Lychnis sylvestris*), whose dicecious flowers led us a pretty chase; for, although the gentlemen might be gathered in profusion, it was only after considerable search that we succeeded in capturing a lady. The elegantly-plaited leaves of "our ladye's mantle" (*Alchemilla vulgaris*), with its corymbs of yellowish-green flowers, and the elegantly-drooping hyacinth, which mythology tells us derived its name from Apollo, "who unfortunately killed his friend the youth Hyacinth, and then turned him into a flower, that he might ever bathe in morning dews, and drink the pure air of heaven." Another bulbous plant is hard by, and we shall have to dig deeply to get a perfect specimen—it is the early purple orchis (*Orchis masculata*). Here, too, we meet with the twin leaves of the common twayblade (*Listera ovata*). Its flowers are but just pushing their way between the leaves, and in this state they afford a good example of that peculiar feature of endogenous plants—increasing from the centre.

We have, however, come to the end of the wood, and as we emerge from its shade, there is an open meadow spread out before us, abundantly stocked with the narrow bright green leaves of the meadow saffron, or autumnal crocus (*Colechicum autumnale*). We look in vain for its flower; for that

threw out its delicate purple petals last October, and the seed-vessel, which has been snugly buried all winter in the earth, now begins to push up towards the sun, that it may bring its seeds to perfection—a beautiful instance of that minute providence which orders the times of even the humble meadow flowers.

But time runs on; and although it is a very easy thing to sit and read a long list of flowers like the present, as one is ensconced in an easy chair with a tea-bell at one's elbow, yet in reality many and many a scramble, and many and many a weary step, did it cost us to gather up the precious gems. No wonder, then, that with several of us the recollection of dinner became more and more indistinct, and a peculiar "hanging back" told too plainly that, despite the stimulus of botanizing, our wonted energies were fast evaporating. Just at this very nick of time, a new and most welcome member arrives—Fanny, the pony, with a goodly supply of materials for tea. What follows—more easily understood than expressed—may be thus roughly sketched: Fanny is unyoked, and left to browse on the tender hedge; then comes the unloading of the baskets and the crockery—the fixing the tripod, and the lighting the fire—the elevation of charley (a noble kettle of portly dimensions) to his fiery throne—the uneasiness he soon expressed at his warm situation, by sundry hisses and sputterings—the buttering of cakes and the cutting of buns—the brewing of tea—the spreading of the cloth on the dry shelving rock of a streamless river—sounding the horn, to gather the scattered rambles—and lastly, and certainly not least, the united enjoyment of the whole; presenting a picture which it is beyond the pen to paint; we leave it therefore in its rude daubings, assured that no imagination can too highly colour the unmingled pleasure and cheerful happiness of the scene.

Refreshed and invigorated, we mount the hill. In the direction of home, we pick up the pretty nodding grass (*Melica nutans*), and that rather rare sedge (*Carex digitata*); and then we stumble upon a gem—

"Fair flower, that, lapt in lowly glade,  
Dost hide beneath the greenwood shade,  
Than whom the vernal gale  
None fairer wakes on bank or spray,  
Our England's lily of the May,  
Our lily of the vale."

But we must not linger; evening fast draws on, and our merry friends,

"The flowers, fold up their cups like praying hands,  
And with droopt heads await the blessing, night  
Gives with her motherly magnanimity."

We, too, are glad to see in the dim distance our homes, just lightly tipped by the departing sun; and as one by one falls off from our ranks, we are sure that while we have learnt to feel more kindly to one another, to drink more deeply in harmless social intercourse, and to pass pleasantly a "leisure hour," we have also learnt to be more thankful for the beauties of this glorious world, and

"To bless our God for flowers;  
For the bright, gentle, holy thoughts that breathe  
From out their odorous beauty like a wreath  
Of sunshine on life's hours."

This is my recollection, plainly told. There is neither exaggeration nor any attempt to overdraw. Every flower that has been mentioned, and many more that have been omitted, were really found. The moral to the whole, then, is obvious enough. Let this ramble, undertaken by young men, many of them working men, be an incentive to others to unite in similar meetings for similar objects; and then, while they enjoy a healthy, pleasant, and instructive recreation, they may also find that there are more incongruous groupings in the world than "young men and flowers."

#### NOTES OF A VISIT TO THE SHETLAND AND ORKNEY ISLANDS.

##### PAPER II.

ALTHOUGH our visit to Shetland was in the month of August, yet we could not but be struck by the extreme shortness of the nights, the twilights lingering almost to the verge of midnight in the sky. Dr. Edmondson, in his "History of the Zetland Islands," has made the following remarks:—"The nights begin to be very short early in May, and from the middle of the month to the end of July, darkness is absolutely unknown. The sun scarcely quits the horizon, and his short absence is supplied by a short twilight. Nothing," he adds, "can surpass the fine serenity of a calm summer night. The atmosphere is clear and unclouded, and the eye has an uncontrolled and extensive range. The hills and headlands then look more majestic, and they have a sublimity superadded to their grandeur. The water in the bays appears dark, and smooth as glass. No living object interrupts the tranquillity of the scene, but a solitary gull skimming the surface of the sea, and there is nothing to be heard but the distant murmuring of the waves among the rocks." I was myself assured that during the period referred to, a book, printed in the smallest type, could be easily read at midnight, so that, as the writer just quoted expresses it, "darkness is absolutely unknown." Not only, indeed, is this true in reference to the summer season, but in the winter nights, during the many hours when the sun is absent, the presence of the glorious and beautiful *aurora borealis*, or northern lights, largely compensates the Shetlanders for his departure.

Returning by the parish of Walls, and on reaching the coast, embarking in a sloop named the "Ultima Thule," generously placed at our disposal, we landed at the fishing village of Scalloy, from which the only macadamised road in the islands, five miles in length, conducts to Lerwick. Here are the ruins of an ancient castle, built in the year 1600, by Patrick Stewart, Earl of Orkney, of infamous memory. In erecting this Earl's Castle of Scalloy, and other expensive edifices, the king's tenants were forced to work in quarries, transport stone, dig, delve, climb, build, and submit to all sorts of servile and painful labour, without either meat, drink, hire, or recompence of any kind. Such terror, indeed, did the Earl inspire, that, when tried for his offence, one Zetland witness refused to say a word against him, till he was assured there was no chance of

the Earl returning. A curious inscription stands above the door, in Latin, but nearly defaced—

"PATRICIUS, ORCHADIAE ET ZETLANDAE COMES, A.D. 1600: CUIUS FUNDAMEN SAKUM EST, DOMUS ILLA MANEBIT STABILIS: E CONTRA, SI SIT ARENA, PERIT."

Freely translated, the meaning is as follows:—"Patrick, Earl of Orkney and Shetland, A.D. 1600. If the foundation of this house is on the Rock, it will remain stable: but if on the sand, it perishes."

This motto was furnished by a Presbyterian divine. When the castle was finished, he was asked by the Earl for a suitable inscription. "The clergyman took that opportunity," says Edmondson, "to expatiate on the numerous acts of oppression of which he had been guilty in erecting it. The Earl, enraged at this liberty, threatened the preacher with imprisonment if he was not immediately silent. The dispute, however, being amicably settled, Pitcairn" (the minister in question) "translated into Latin the substance of the forty-eighth and forty-ninth verses of the sixth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, which are supposed to have an enigmatical allusion to his previous conversation with the Earl. 'My father,' said Earl Patrick, 'built his house at Sumburg on the sand, and it has given way already: this of mine, on the rock, shall abide and endure.'" "He did not," says Sir Walter Scott,\* "or would not understand that the oppression, rapacity, and cruelty, by means of which the house arose, were what the clergyman really pointed to in his recommendation of a motto." Accordingly, the huge tower remains wild and desolate—its chambers filled with sand, and its rifted walls and dismantled battlements giving unrestrained access to the roaring sea blast. Like many another ruin, Scalloy Castle is well fitted to "point a moral," telling, as it does, of "the pride which goeth before destruction," and of "the wicked who live not out half their days."

After five days' continued toil and travel, I gladly re-entered Lerwick on the eve of the Sabbath. But when the morning came, a "Sabbath-day's journey" was made, and "a Sabbath among the mountains" was spent in a parish where the people were without a pastor. As our party—including one about-to minister to those who were "as sheep without a shepherd"—landed on the beach, and climbed the rocks, we saw crowds of worshippers wending their way over mountain and moor, towards the yet unroofed walls of a new church on the margin of the ocean. The service was peculiarly solemn and impressive. It began with the singing of the forty-sixth psalm—the psalm of Luther in troublous times—and the deep diapason of the billowy surge, as it thundered on the adjoining strand, mingled with the song of praise as it went up to heaven. It was a solemn thing for that minister to preach to an audience which he could never expect to address again. The peculiar circumstances of these excellent people, too, had a powerful influence in endearing them to the hearts of a Christian stranger; and their parting appeals for our influence to obtain for them a pastor, were truly eloquent and affect-

\* Review of Pitcairn's Trials, 1831.

ing. "Sir," said one man who accompanied us to the boat, "we are poor, destitute creatures. We are like a man that has lost both his arms. Nay, we are like the impotent man that lay at the Pool of Bethesda, who had no man to put him in when the angel troubled the waters." It is gratifying to know that long ere now that church has been completed, and that Christian ordinances are dispensed there by a right-hearted servant of the great Master.

Monday was to be our last day in Shetland. How were we to spend it? First of all, we must have our morning bath in the sea. This, indeed, was my constant practice as long as I remained in the Shetland and Orkney Isles, and I can assure the tourist, from pleasant experience, that if he plunge one morning into the German Ocean, and another into the Atlantic, according as he may happen in his travels to be near the eastern or western coast respectively, he will find himself thus whetted for a substantial breakfast, and braced for the fatigues which he is soon to undergo. And then, amid the desolate loneliness of the sea-shore, he may hold converse with the past; he may deary in imagination, far out at sea, the white sails of Scandinavian pirates of the olden time, as they leave these shores, to sweep, as bold freebooters, along the coasts of Scotland and England; or, when the storm is raging, he can conjure up the memory of the Spanish Armada, whose proud three-deckers, with their papal-blessed hosts, destined by Philip to tread down English liberty and holy truth, were on these awful cliffs and headlands dashed to pieces.

Opposite to Lerwick lies the island of Bressay; and as here were clustered many handsome country seats, with cultivated grounds and well-stocked gardens, such as no other portion of Shetland supplies, while above all, crowning the isle, and towering aloft, was the Noss Head and its celebrated "cradle"—this was to be the scene of our farewell visit.

Crossing the noble land-locked and spacious harbour, I landed at Bressay. As time was limited, and the Noss Head at a considerable distance, I pressed on towards it; first over a broken road, along which here and there stood a fisherman's hut, or a small farmer's humble dwelling; and then with bog and heath stretching up the mountain side, I toiled over the moor, heated and thirsty, towards the Noss, which was full in view. It should be mentioned that the Isle of Noss stands distinct from that of Bressay. It is truly a striking spectacle. Its highest point is a cape called the Noup of Noss. Down this precipitous rock the islanders often descend, having only the occasional assistance of a rope, one end of which is fastened from time to time around the projecting cliff. The object of these perilous descents is the collecting of sea fowl for their feathers. "The Noss," says Sir W. Scott in his "Diary," "exactly resembles in shape Salisbury Crags, supposing the sea to flow down the valley called the Hunter's Bog, and round the foot of the precipice. The eastern part of the isle is fine smooth pasture, the best I have seen in these isles, sloping upwards to the verge of the tremendous rocks which form its western front."

When, after much fatigue, I reached the highest

point, my eye was arrested by a detached and precipitous rock, or island, being a portion parted by a narrow sound from the rest of the cliff, and called the Holme. This detached rock is wholly inaccessible, except by a sort of wooden chair, travelling from precipice to precipice on rings, which run upon two cables stretched across over the gulf. This chair is called the Cradle of Noss. Seated in this, a man will carry across to the island a number of sheep, and leave them there for the season. The boatmen make light of the risk of crossing it, but to me it seemed tremendous to a brain disposed to be giddy. This Cradle of Noss was formed by a celebrated climber from the island of Foula. The Holme had been previously considered quite inaccessible. Fired with the ambition of accomplishing a surprising feat, and stimulated also with the promise of a cow, if successful, he scrambled with great difficulty from a boat to the top of the cliff, where he fixed a pulley and suspended a basket, which could be drawn across to the mainland, carrying sheep or men in comparative safety over a chasm sixty yards wide and four hundred feet deep. After this enterprise had been successfully achieved, the poor man, forgetting how much more difficult it is to go safely down, than it is to ascend a precipice, neglected to take advantage of his own bridge, and in trying to regain the boat, his foot slipped, and he lost his life.

In contrast with this tragic incident is the case of a fowler at Feroc, who descended safely by the usual conveyance of a rope; but when at last drawn up, owing to some awkward entanglement, he arrived at the surface with his feet upwards! It is not to be wondered at that his friends received him with a simultaneous peal of laughter.

But the day is wearing fast away, and I must return to Lerwick before bidding Shetland a long farewell. Weary with the day's exertions, I receive much kindness in a farmer's house by the wayside, and cross again the harbour, to dine with one of the merchants. Embarking at sunset on board the "Sovereign," we steam away towards "the South."

Looking back on Bressay Sound, let me remind the reader that it was by the north passage that the infamous Bothwell (on whom the infatuated Mary had bestowed the title of Duke of Orkney) escaped from a pursuing vessel of war which came in by the south. "When his enemies," says Edmondson, "were gaining fast upon him, and his capture appeared inevitable, Bothwell's pilot, who was well acquainted with the course, contrived to sail close by a sunken rock, which he passed in safety; and Kirkaldy, of Grange, following nearly in the same direction, but unconscious of the hidden danger, struck his vessel against it, and was wrecked." Bothwell's hour was not yet come; years of misery and remorse in a loathsome dungeon were to precede the end of this "bloody and deceitful man."

The morning after leaving Shetland I arrived at Kirkwall, the capital of Orkney, while the "Sovereign," with her freight of Shetland ponies, miniature oxen, and barrels of dried fish, pressed on towards "the South." The principal object of attraction here is the Cathedral of St. Magnus, a canonised Earl of Orkney, which forms a magnificent specimen of the Saxon or heavy Norman



THE CHADLE OF NOSS.

style of architecture. Within its walls lie the ashes of the queen of the great Robert Bruce—of the MAID OF NORWAY, who died there on her way to ascend the throne of her ancestors—of many a Norwegian earl, and of St. Magnus, the patron saint himself. Once the Church of Rome was powerful here. But since the Reformation, the train of mitred prelates and of hooded monks sweeps no longer over its floors; and for the chant of the Latin mass, and the incense-burning censer, and the gorgeous splendour of a sensuous religion, have been substituted the simple melody and the scriptural service of a pure and heaven-born faith.

When the stranger visits Orkney as well as Shetland, he cannot but feel that these islands belong in their historical associations rather to Northern Europe than to Great Britain. They were long, it will be remembered, the possessions of Norway; but having been given in pledge for the payment of a dowry, promised to James III of Scotland when he married a Norwegian princess, both of them (the money not being paid) were added to the Scottish kingdom. Thus by the union consummated in the beginning of the last century between England and Scotland, Orkney and Shetland became an integral portion of the British dominions.

The islands of Orkney, to the traveller's eye,

wear an appearance of cultivation and fertility to which those of Shetland are strangers. Here I found roads and wheeled carriages; though indeed the former were not much broader than bridle paths, while sometimes they ran through corn-fields with a scarcely distinguishable track on the green sward. As to the wheeled carriage, again, in which we rode, it must be admitted that it was a gig of the coarsest construction, with springs of thick-ribbed iron, which defied the granite-strewn roads, while our driver, as he sat immediately behind the horse's tail, perched on a little round and narrow plate of iron, with a foot on each shaft, would certainly have provoked a hearty laugh in Hyde Park, or Cheapside. Still, even this state of matters was an advance upon the travelling capabilities of Shetland.

After an interval of several years, my heart still reverts to these interesting islands of the North with affectionate remembrances. Especially does Shetland stand out vividly before my thoughts. There is a strange fascination in its very wildness to a visitor from "the South," with its champaign verdure and its umbrageous forests. Thither the antiquary may go, and be assured of a wide field of investigation, amid the ruins of ancient castles, or the massive silver rings and ancient Roman coins which are sometimes discovered under their crumbling walls. Thither may the tourist direct

his bark, and behold, with trembling admiration, lofty precipices and headlands, long sunken rocks over which the vivid ocean foams, dark caverns, and lonely and uninhabited isles. But let the reader go thither, not only in the spirit of an antiquary and a traveller, but as a Christian philanthropist also, and his interest in Shetland will remain long after he has left its shores. In passing over its solitary moors, you gather a wild flower hitherto a stranger to you. You prize it, for it is

"Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less  
For flowering in a wilderness."

But in yonder fisherman's hut may be seen a spectacle lovelier far—a family where heaven-born piety reigns—where the knowledge that is saving and divine fills each heart with peace and love. And, as you mark the emotions of the weather-beaten Shetlander as he discourses on themes into which angels desire to look—as you listen to those hardy children of the rock and moor, as they rehearse the story of peace from the sacred page, or repeat the psalms which that loving mother has early taught them—you will lift up your heart, as I did, in thankfulness for that blessed religion of the cross which ennobles and elevates man wherever it finds him, which hallows and sweetens all the domestic and social affections, and which, pouring its cheerful radiance on scenes naturally gloomy and stern, "makes sunshine in a shady place."

In Shetland, I may observe before concluding, Dr. Adam Clarke for some time resided, while with both Orkney and Shetland are associated the labours of the Haldanes.

#### SYDNEY SMITH'S TRACT.

THE late Reverend Sydney Smith appears on one occasion to have written a *Tract* for the benefit of his Parishioners!—All who know the strongly marked opposition which this writer (otherwise so amiable, patriotic, and enlightened) unhappily manifested in his writings to everything generally known under the name of evangelical religion, will not expect to find sentiments of that character in this production. It is, however, full of good sense on many points, and is couched in a humorous style not unfitted to win the rustic ear. As a curiosity, we insert a portion of it.

"If you begin stealing a little, you will go on from little to much, and soon become a regular thief; and then you will be hanged, or sent over seas to Botany Bay. And give me leave to tell you, transportation is no joke. Up at five in the morning, dressed in a jacket half blue half yellow, chained on to another person like two dogs, a man standing over you with a great stick, weak porridge for breakfast, bread and water for dinner, boiled beans for supper, straw to lie upon; and all this for thirty years; and then you are hanged there by order of the governor, without judge or jury. All this is very disagreeable, and you had far better avoid it by making a solemn resolution to take nothing which does not belong to you.

"Never sit in wet clothes. Off with them as soon as you can: no constitution can stand it.

Look at Jackson, who lives next door to the blacksmith; he was the strongest man in the parish. Twenty different times I warned him of his folly in wearing wet clothes. He pulled off his hat and smiled, and was very civil, but clearly seemed to think it all old woman's nonsense. He is now, as you see, bent double with rheumatism, is living upon parish allowance, and scarcely able to crawl from pillar to post.

"Off with your hat when you meet a gentleman. What does it cost? Gentlemen notice these things, are offended if the civility is not paid, and pleased if it is; and what harm does it do you? When first I came to this parish, Squire Tempest wanted a postilion. John Barton was a good, civil fellow; and in thinking over the names of the village, the Squire thought of Barton, remembered his constant civility, sent for one of his sons, made him postilion, then coachman, then bailiff, and he now holds a farm under the Squire of £500 per annum. Such things are constantly happening.

"I will have no swearing. There is pleasure in a pint of ale, but what pleasure is there in an oath? A swearer is a low, vulgar person. Swearing is fit for a tinker or a razor-grinder, not for an honest labourer in my parish.

"I must positively forbid all poaching; it is absolute ruin to yourself and your family. In the end you are sure to be detected—a hare in one pocket and a pheasant in the other. How are you to pay ten pounds? You have not ten pence before-hand in the world. Daniel's breeches are unpaid for; you have a hole in your hat, and want a new one; your wife, an excellent woman, is about to lie in—and you are, all of a sudden, called upon by the Justice to pay ten pounds. I shall never forget the sight of poor Cranford, hurried to Taunton gaol; a wife and three daughters on their knees to the Justice, who was compelled to do his duty, and commit him. The next day, beds, chairs, and clothes sold, to get the father out of gaol. Out of gaol he came; but the poor fellow could not bear the sight of his naked cottage, and to see his family pinched with hunger. You know how he ended his days. Was there a dry eye in the churchyard when he was buried? It was a lesson to poachers. It is indeed a desperate and foolish trade. Observe, I am not defending the game-laws, but I am advising you, as long as the game-laws exist, to fear them, and to take care that you and your family are not crushed by them. And, then, smart stout young men hate the gamekeeper, and make it a point of courage and spirit to oppose him. Why? The gamekeeper is paid to protect the game, and he would be a very dishonest man if he did not do his duty. What right have you to bear malice against him for this? After all, the game in justice belongs to the landowners, who feed it; and not to you, who have no land at all, and can feed nothing.

"I don't like that red nose, and those bleary eyes, and that stupid downcast look. You are a drunkard. Another pint, and one pint more; a glass of gin and water, rum and milk, cider and pepper, a glass of peppermint, and all the beastly fluids which drunkards pour down their throats. It is very possible to conquer it, if you will but be resolute. I remember a man in Staffordshire who

was drunk every day of his life. Every farthing he earned went to the alehouse. One evening he staggered home, and found at a late hour his wife sitting alone, and drowned in tears. He was a man not deficient in natural affections; he appeared to be struck with the wretchedness of the woman, and with some eagerness asked her why she was crying. 'I don't like to tell you, James,' she said; 'but if I must, I must; and truth is, my children have not touched a morsel of anything this blessed day. As for me, never mind me; I must leave you to guess how it has fared with me. But not one morsel of food could I beg or buy for those children that lie on that bed before you; and I am sure, James, it is better for us all we should die, and I wish we were dead.' 'Dead!' said James, starting up as if a flash of lightning had darted upon him; 'dead, Sally! You, and Mary, and the two young ones dead? Lookye, my lass, you see what I am now—like a brute. I have wasted your substance—the curse of God is upon me—I am drawing near to the pit of destruction—but there's an end; I feel there's an end. Give me that glass, wife.' She gave it him with astonishment and fear. He turned it topsy-turvy; and, striking the table with great violence, and flinging himself on his knees, made a most solemn and affecting vow to God of repentance and sobriety. From that moment to the day of his death he drank no fermented liquor, but confined himself entirely to tea and water.\* I never saw so sudden and astonishing a change. His looks became healthy, his cottage neat, his children were clad, his wife was happy; and twenty times the poor man and his wife, with tears in their eyes, have told me the story, and blessed the evening of the fourteenth of March, the day of James's restoration, and have shown me the glass he held in his hand when he made the vow of sobriety. It is all nonsense about not being able to work without ale, and gin, and cider, and fermented liquors. Do lions and cart-horses drink ale? It is mere habit. If you have good nourishing food, you can do very well without ale. Nobody works harder than the Yorkshire people, and for years together there are many Yorkshire labourers who never taste ale. I have no objection, you will observe, to a moderate use of ale, or any other liquor you can afford to purchase. My objection is, that you cannot afford it; that every penny you spend at the alehouse comes out of the stomachs of the poor children, and strips off the clothes of the wife."

#### THE ENGLISH JEW.

THE Jew is the living evidence of the truth of Bible history, and of the divine origin of Christianity. The decision, which scattered the tribes of Israel abroad upon the face of the earth, and made them the butt, the scorn, and the persecuted victims of the peoples among whom they sought a home, was intended not only for their punishment, but for a blessing to the nations among whom they dwelt, by the testimony which their dis-

persion and degradation afforded of the fulfilment of their own prophecies. It is true that, for the most part, neither the nations nor their governors recognised in the painful wanderings of the exiled Israelite his true mission to themselves. A corrupted form of Christianity, as it spread, did not teach them forbearance and brotherly kindness and charity to the Jew. In him they saw an enemy and an object of loathing when they did not see a victim or a prey. They tolerated his presence only from motives of lucre; they debarred him from all social privileges and even from social communion, under penalty of torture and death; and not unfrequently expelled him from Christian lands to seek shelter among the heathen. But it is also true that just in proportion as the Christian nations refused to recognise the divine purpose with regard to themselves, in the dispersion of the Jews among them, and abused their power by persecuting the hapless wanderers, they drew down upon their own heads that retribution which is sure to follow upon the practical impiety of a whole people. The history of the Jews for the last fifteen hundred years abounds in cumulative evidence of this fact. There has not been a single instance in the whole of that time of the marked oppression of the Jew in any country, that has not been followed by the humiliation of that country, in some way or other, at an early period. The events that corroborate this statement, curious as it may appear, may be clearly traced along the centuries—from the persecutions and massacres of the Israelites by the Christian emperors of Rome, followed by the destruction of their empire by the barbarians of the north—down to the forced amalgamation by Russia of the Polish Jews with her military serfs, followed by her defeat by the Western Powers. We are not asserting that this long series of providential retributions may not be explained in a perfectly natural way; on the contrary, we think it may. Necessity had made the Jew the mainspring of commerce and the master of finance; and it may well be that any people who thrust him out with ignominy, or beat him into inaction by hard blows, should inevitably fall into misfortune for lack of those elements of prosperity which he knew best how to create and to control. The punishment is none the less striking because it results partly from natural causes; and all we aim at here is to show that it is the policy, as it is unquestionably the duty, of a Christian man to love, and not to vilify, his Jewish brother.

The Jew has been the contemporary of every nation, since the days of Abraham, that ever reached to the greatness of empire or the glory of art. He has witnessed their rise and splendour, their decline and fall, and, of the grandest and greatest, their national extinction. The Egyptian, the Assyrian, the Chaldee, the Greek, the Roman, the Goth, the Hun, the Saxon, the Moor, have successively appeared and flourished and vanished from the stage of the world; while the child of Israel remains, the same in language and in lineaments, in religion and race, as he was before these old and long-enduring, yet, compared to his, ephemeral dynasties had risen upon the earth. If we revered antiquity, if we sympathized with suffering, if we prized the triumph of fortitude over wrong, verily we might behold an object of sub-

\* A fact.

lime contemplation, and not of disdain, in the living Jew.

With these prefatory remarks, we propose to glance briefly at the position which the Jew occupies at the present moment among ourselves, and at such particulars of his social and daily life as may help us to a right appreciation of his real character. For many of the particulars set down, we are indebted to the work of the Rev. John Mills on "The British Jews," while the filling up of the sketch is from personal observation.

There are, it is computed, in Britain twenty-five thousand Jews, of whom about twenty thousand are resident in London. They are divided into two distinct communities—the Sephardim, who claim to be descended from the tribe of Judah, and the major part of whom are located in London, and the Ashkenazim, who are chiefly Germans and Poles, and who migrate from place to place, or settle wherever there is a demand for their industry. Wherever the Jew goes, he goes to work in his peculiar way—nearly always preferring barter or exchange, in some shape or other, to production. Nothing is too great or grand for his speculative spirit—nothing too mean or vulgar. He holds in one hand the sinews of war, the material springs of national diplomacy, and in the other he grasps the rags from the kennel. His energy and perseverance are unrivalled, and his wealth and love of gain are at once a proverb and a reproach. His eager pursuit of riches is held to be unjustifiable, and perhaps in many instances it is; but when we cast this reflection in his teeth, we are bound to recollect the circumstances that gave birth to this part of his character. For more than a thousand years the Jew was the spoil and the victim of every mean tyrant, and the scorn of the people with whom he dwelt. He was exposed to the chances of exile, of torture, of imprisonment, or of massacre upon the slightest pretences. The laws afforded him no protection, or next to none, and his only means of escape from the cruellest oppression lay in the possession of money wherewith to bribe the oppressor. Can we wonder that when money was identical with life and liberty, with immunity from the rack and the wheel, with all that rendered existence enjoyable and desirable, the Jew should prize it as he prized life itself, and labour and long to obtain it as the sick man longs for health? And are we to expect that the education of a thousand years of persecution should leave no result upon the character? This apology we are bound in justice to prefer.

We have hinted that the Jew prefers buying and selling, exchange and barter, to production; and the fact is, that the number of Jews to be found in the practice of any handicraft, or employed in manufactures of any kind, bears but an extremely small proportion to the whole mass; but wherever money is to be won by shrewd calculation, by speculative risk, or by the variations of an unsteady market, there we find the Jew enriching himself by his tact, his boldness, his caution, and by seizing at the critical moment every advantage which his disciplined judgment enables him to perceive. In every nation the great capitalist is a Jew. When the British wanted twenty millions for the emancipation of the West India slaves, it was to a Jew they had recourse for the

loan; and when a continental sovereign wants to make war upon a neighbour, he must resort to a Jew for the means of carrying it on. Capital to an immense amount may be raised from other sources and by gradual processes; but if wanted in the mass and at once, the concurrence of the Jew is essential.

Descending in the scale, we find the middle-class Jews taking the lead in specific branches of commerce, only to be pursued successfully by those well acquainted with the values of the precious metals and minerals, and versed in their mysteries. Knowledge of this peculiar kind, though by no means confined to the Jews, is with them a part of their education, and almost instinctive. Again, they are versed in the value of all kinds of securities, public or private; they distinguish intuitively between a real and permanent value and a factitious and temporary one only, and will deal as readily in one as the other. How often this knowledge is abused to the injury of others, we shall be entitled to inquire when the Christian trader refrains from taking a like advantage of his neighbour.

Descending still lower, we find the poorer class of Jews as acute, persistent, and eager in the prosecution of business as the rich. They have monopolized particular branches of traffic, and made them their own property. With the dawn of every morning in London, more than a thousand of them march forth, with bag on shoulder, to collect the cast-off garments of a couple of millions of people. For five days in the week the cry of "Clo—clo—clo" is heard at intervals in all our streets throughout the day. From the aristocratic quarters of nobility and fashion to the meanest lanes and alleys of the most squalid districts, not a spot is left unvisited. To the Jew there is a value in every abandoned piece of raiment, however mean, and he disdains no profit, however small. The rejected garments of nearly all London find their way, sooner or later, to the Old Clothes Exchange, in Cutler-street, Houndsditch; and the amount of business done per week in these despised habitements is not less than £1500. It is said that a man's complete suit, including hat, shoes, linen, and hose, may be obtained here at the cost of three and sixpence, and a suit for a female at a still lower cost. Another favourite traffic with the Jew is that in oranges and dried fruits, the chief emporium of which is Duke's-place. Again, there is a traffic but little spoken of—in linen rags, of which they have almost exclusive possession; not the rags of the rag-shop and black-doll, but those of the hospitals, public companies, large hotels, and clubs and institutions, with which the Jews have contracted for the purchase of all their worn-out linen. From this source they supply the lint-makers, and must, by virtue of their contracts, have realized considerable sums since the outbreak of the war. As a rule, the Jew declines dealing in nothing that has a value, unless it be an article rapidly perishable. Thus he never ventures a penny in flowers or vegetables, and you don't catch him presiding at an oyster-stall or hawking fresh fish from door to door. But he will do anything save that, except it be to beg, which no man ever sees him doing. There is no such a thing as a mendicant Jew. There are numbers of them poor

enough, but poverty will not make them beggars. Instead of that it makes them hawkers of black-lead pencils, of lemons, of knives and razors, of straps and shaving-paste, and of various other trifles, which they obtain without capital from their wealthier brethren, who prefer to risk this sort of merchandise rather than be scandalized by the spectacle of a Jew asking alms in the public streets.

The Jews charge themselves with the care of their own poor, who derive no benefit from the poor's rates of their parishes. For this purpose they have established numerous charities, of which there are not less than fifty in London alone: among them is one for allowing eight shillings weekly to the blind; one for the clothing of orphan boys; one for granting five shillings a week to poor widows; a society for cheering the needy at festivals; and various others of a similarly benevolent character. Notwithstanding the number of institutions of this kind, they collect large sums for the poor at their annual festivals—sums which have been known to amount to more than two thousand pounds in a single day.

In the matter of education, the Jews are no less careful and liberal. They have established eleven public schools in London, and six in the provinces, and the number of pupils in these schools is about eighteen hundred, which gives nearly one in eleven of their whole population, not counting those who are in the receipt of private instruction, and the large number studying at Christian schools and colleges. For the London Jews there is a literary and scientific institution in Sussex Hall, Leadenhall-street. It contains a library of five thousand volumes of the best standard works, as also a collection of Hebrew writings. The institution is available to Christians, and the reading-room is well supplied with current literature. Lectures are periodically delivered, and classes taught. In Smith's Buildings, Leadenhall-street, is the Rabbinical College, or Beth Hamedrash, which boasts one of the most splendid Hebrew libraries in Europe. This is also available to the public by tickets, and gratuitous lectures are delivered here every Friday evening. The Jews have a newspaper of their own, "The Jewish Chronicle," and their literary men publish volumes occasionally, chiefly of a theological or devotional character, of which three or four per annum appear to be the average number.

The quiet settlement, and consequent prosperity of the Jews in England, dates from the reign of Charles the Second. Hunted by bigotry and ignorant fanaticism through the Continent, they came to our island as early as the Saxon era; but our forefathers made them the victims of unheard-of cruelties, and frequent plunderings and massacres. At length, in the reign of Edward I, fifteen thousand were apprehended in one day and banished the kingdom. They never attempted to return till the time of Cromwell, who negotiated with them with a view to their re-admission. Finally, they made terms with Charles; and it would appear that they came over in a considerable body in 1664, for their first educational foundation bears the date of that year, and Dr. Tovey informs us, that in the year previous there were not more than twelve Jews in England. How

Britain has prospered since their return we all know. How much of our material prosperity is due to the Jewish element in our industrial and commercial activities—how much we stand indebted to them for our practical knowledge of the principles of trade and of finance—and how far we have been urged by their example in the application of these principles—these are questions which we leave the reader to solve for himself. One thing is clear, and that is, that the Jew, be he poor or rich, occupies an independent position, which he has achieved for himself, in spite of illiberal restrictions, some of which yet gall him—and that, whatever may be his claim upon our gratitude, he is fully entitled to our respect.

There are many other aspects of the history of this remarkable race, more especially in relation to the Christian faith, upon which we will not now enter. All who remember our obligations to the Jew's ancestors must earnestly desire that the period may be hastened when the barriers that oppose his reception of Christian truth shall be broken down. Already, encouraging tokens of this consummation are visible; and the day has past when to labour for this object was the subject for a sneer; Christianity is beginning to receive some of its most valued accessions from the ranks of the scattered Jewish nation.

#### MY FIRST STEAM VOYAGE.

It was on a delicious morning in the beginning of August, something less than thirty years ago, that having a day's holiday upon my hands, I resolved to enjoy a pleasure trip from Bath, where I was then residing, to Bristol, in a small steamer, which had been lately started to run to and fro on alternate days. There had been much talk of the steamer, which, if I recollect rightly, was called the "Avon," after the name of the river; and people spoke warmly of the pleasure of the trip, which lay through a route exceedingly picturesque. I reached the boat, as it lay moored near the Old Bridge, about nine o'clock, which was the time announced for starting. She was one of the smallest crafts to which steam power had then been applied, was capable of carrying a weight of perhaps fifteen tons, and drew from four to five feet of water. Her deck was about six feet wide, and she had a cabin, neatly fitted up, which was the nearest facsimile to the inside of an omnibus that it is possible to imagine. Her engine-room would only contain one man at a time; and her machinery was a mystery which, from the partial view obtainable, it was impossible to fathom.

Pending the observations which I made to this effect, five or six ladies came on board, accompanied by a couple of merry-faced schoolboys. These were followed by two or three young gentlemen; and just as the word was given to let go, an elderly man with a portly blue bag came puffing, running, and shouting just in time to leap on to the deck.

The moorings were cast loose and on we went, smoking and splashing, past the quay and wharves—past that rookery and sweeps' paradise at the foot of Avon-street, which was then the St. Giles

of Old Bladud, and where we were compelled to retreat to the cabin from a shower of stones—past Kingsmead Fields, made classical by the wit of Sheridan—past the gasometer and the meadows beyond, to the village of Twerton. All the way thus far we were accompanied by a tail of ragged followers on the shore, to whom our progress was the most startling novelty they had witnessed in their lives. In fact their admiration was not without a cause, seeing that, in consequence of the narrowness of the river and the hold our paddles took of the water, we left a perfect tempest behind us, the waves of which dashed and curled over the towing-path, and threatened a speedy destruction to its banks.

At Twerton we stopped; for there we had to descend to a lower level by means of the locks, and had to wait our turn while a couple of barges were being floated up. It was half-past ten by the time we were on our way again, and now we began really to enjoy the pleasure of the trip. The weather was delightful, the air fresh and balmy, the scenery of the loveliest, and, like a moving panorama, ever fresh and changing. Our little party, not more than a dozen in all, yielded to the exhilarating hour, and the spirit of mirth and social good feeling flashed in every eye. A chorus of laughter rose from the boat as it shot through the single arch of Newton Bridge, and was redoubled with a shout as the lofty vault sent back the echo. Every voice joined in the shout and the laugh except one—the traveller with the blue bag.

I had noticed him looking at his watch repeatedly during the last half hour. At length he approached the captain. "How far have we come?" he asked.

"Over five miles," said the captain.

"Five miles! Then it will be one o'clock before we get in."

"Very likely, and two o'clock too, and may be more, if we don't get the water all the way."

"What! four-and-a-half hours in going twelve miles?"

"Twelve miles!" said the captain; "why, it's more than twenty. Mayhap we shall be there by two."

"Too late," said the other; "the best of the day will be gone. I shall do no business."

"We advertise this boat for a pleasure trip. If you travel for business, you should go by the coach."

There was no answer to this, and with a groan the traveller turned away and resumed his seat. In a few minutes, however, finding there was no help for it, he found philosophy enough to submit to circumstances, and was apparently as happy as the rest of us.

We could not have made more than half our journey when the boat slackened speed, and I noticed the captain running about and peering over the bulwarks at all points. Suddenly the vessel stopped with a slight shock, a simultaneous ejaculation of "I thought so," by the captain, and an order to hoist the signal. On inquiring what was the matter, we were coolly informed that we were stuck in the mud, and that, unless we could get more water, there we should continue to stick. The ladies in alarm began to talk about shipwreck, but were pacified a little when the captain

assured them that the only danger was, that those who were short of provisions might have to go without their dinner, as they were not very well victualled on board.

A council was now called as to what was to be done. The signal of distress already fluttered at the mast-head, but then the only man that could help us was not likely to see it, as we were stuck in a picturesque nook of the river, surrounded with tall trees, which almost embraced us with their foliage. Oh for the means of attracting the attention of the miller! he would have caught sight of us if we had only gone thirty yards further, and by stopping his mill, would allow sufficient water to accumulate to float us off. We were plump in the middle of the stream which ran rapidly past us, and on either side rose a precipitous bank, distant not more than ten yards. If we had but a plank to make a bridge, or a boat to get ashore with; but it was no use wishing, something must be done. A look-out climbed the mast, but there was no village near, and not a person was to be seen. The man was ordered to "sing out," and he roared like a cataract—and the hill, a long way off, sent back the roar faithfully—and that was all.

At last the captain's eye fell on the cover of the hatchway, a wooden frame of four feet square, with a rim round it rising some three inches. "I should think a fellow might warp himself ashore on that," he said; "who'll try it?"

"I will," said one of the men, and try it he did. A rope was tied to a log, which being hurled into a bush on the bank held fast; a line was also fastened to the float lest it should be lost; and the man gently stepped upon it and pulled towards the shore. Before he got half-way, however, he was up to the middle, and had to be dragged on board after partaking of a hip-bath. Yet it was evident that the float which sunk with the man would support a boy, and one of the young gentlemen volunteering, and being first secured by a rope round his waist, he managed to scramble safely into the bush and climb to the bank. The captain then gave him instructions to proceed to the miller, to inform him of our situation, and beg him to stop his mill and dam the stream for our release. With these instructions the boy set off in high glee, and left us to wait the result.

That waiting was a lesson of patience to some of us. At first we thought that the boy would be back in a few minutes; then we allowed him half an hour; then, when we understood that it was at least a mile and a half to the mill, we gave him an hour. But the hour passed away, and another added to that, and then we began to conclude that he would not come back at all—which conclusion proved correct.

In the meanwhile, as time waned, we began to get hungry, and, of course, knowing there was little or nothing to eat on board, every one of us grew ravenous. Somebody proposed that each one should produce what he had got, and that all should be partaken in common. This disinterested proposition from one who had nothing to contribute was not so well received, but it was acquiesced in notwithstanding. The boat's provisions consisted of a few pounds of beef brisket,

then in the pot, a dish of potatoes, and a loaf. These the men willingly gave up for a consideration; and, pending the return of the boy, we sat down in the little cabin and consumed all there was to the last fragment.

It was past two when all had disappeared. Wondering whether the boy had reached the miller, we sat on deck ruefully watching the marks on the bank, to note if the water were rising or not—now grumbling at the mischance—now laughing at the awkward predicament we were in. It grew intensely hot, and as the sun veered westward we lost the cool shadow of some of the trees. Towards three o'clock it became plain that the water was rising, a pebble on the bank that had been dry ten minutes before being now under water. The steam was got up, the engine reversed, and after a furious splashing the boat retreated from the mud-bank, once more free. We remained still a quarter of an hour for the water to accumulate, and then, making a bold push, shot safely over the shallows.

When, twenty minutes later, we arrived at the mill, there stood our boy on the dam, in the guise of a veritable mudlark. The young Crusoe, a stranger to the district, in his haste to make the shortest cut to the mill, had floundered into an osier bed, and his glossy holiday suit was incrustated with mire up to the arm-pits. He had wandered three or four miles out of his way after leaving the willow-beds; and if it had not been for the kindness of a travelling pedlar, who had taken him in hand, and seen him to the miller's door, we should surely have stuck fast in the river all night.

As it was, it drew towards evening when we arrived at Bristol, where they had ceased to expect us that day. We were not sorry to land. Our pleasure trip had not been all pleasure; but fortunately nobody took any harm by it—our little mudlark getting baked to the consistence of pipe-clay before the journey was done. The only thing that suffered was the reputation of the steamer, which shortly after ceased its daily peregrinations.

#### WORDS ABOUT WORDS.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH has well said that, "in a language like ours, where so many words are derived from other languages, there are few modes of instruction more useful or more amusing than that of tracing out the etymology and primary meaning of the words we use. There are cases in which knowledge of more real value may be conveyed from the history of a word than from the history of a campaign." An examination of almost every word employed in this quotation would confirm its truth and illustrate its meaning. Take the principal one—the word *derive*. It means primarily and in its etymology, to flow out from, as a river from its source; the last syllable of *derive* is indeed identical with the word *river*. When we speak of a word being derived, therefore, we employ, though often unconsciously, a very poetical figure, and suggest the idea that it branches out from its simple original meaning into various ramifications, and passes through

many changes in its course; and when we speak of tracing out the derivations of a word, we mean that we will follow the course of this river up to its fountain-head. Let us begin with the term, Pagan. The Latin word *pagani* meant villagers; indeed our word peasant seems to have been formed from it. But it was among the rural population that Christianity spread most slowly, so that, at a time when the inhabitants of the large cities—the centres of mental activity and intelligence—had, for the most part, received the Gospel, the peasants or *pagani* still continued to worship their old deities. Hence this word began to suggest the idea of idolatry, and at length came to express it exclusively so that idolater and pagan became synonymous.\* The history of this single word is sufficient to disprove the allegation that the spread of Christianity in its early ages was due to the ignorance and superstition of its converts, since it shows that they were drawn from those who were the least open to this charge. Perhaps the history of the word Pagan may help us to account for a very curious fact—the shape assigned by the early and mediæval church to the arch-demon. He is figured with cloven hoofs, horns, and a tail. This, with some slight modifications, was the figure of the god Pan, the deity chiefly worshipped by the Pagani. The early Christians understanding in a literal sense the words of the apostle as to the heathen, "they worship devils and not gods;" and seeing that this god of the country people stood his ground longer than any other, so that his worship continued after that of all the other deities had ceased, not unnaturally came to the conclusion that he was their chief, and adopted his figure as that of "the ruler of the darkness of this world."

The word Pagan is by no means the only name of reproach derived from the rustics. Villain, or villain, as it was formerly spelt, is just villa-in, that is, a servant employed on a ville or farm. Churl (from which comes our name Charles), meant originally a strong man, and then a rural labourer. A boor was a farmer. There were two words to express the same meaning, boy-knab and knecht; but the former of these contained the subordinate idea of poverty, and has become knave; the latter was specially applied to the servants of the king, and has become knight. These words bring vividly before us the military pride of the feudal aristocracy, and show the contempt they felt for the peaceful pursuits of husbandry, which led them to connect the idea of turpitude with serfdom. A similar feeling may be traced in the words, coward—one who cowers in the presence of an enemy; caitiff—one who has allowed himself to be taken captive. Valour and value are the same word, and were spelt alike till the reign of Elizabeth, the valour of a man being regarded as his value. The same feeling is contained in the Latin word *virtus*, virtue. Its etymological signification is that which is becoming in a *vir* or man; this the Romans deemed to be military valour and forti-

\* It has been suggested that the word *heathen* has a similar origin, and signifies those who inhabit heaths or moors. This derivation is strongly supported by the German *herde*. The more common derivation, however, is from the Greek *ethnos*, which was used by the Jews in the sense of Gentile.

tude pre-eminently. A virtuous man, in their esteem, was a brave soldier. Among their degenerate descendants, a *virtuoso* is a collector of curiosities and articles of taste!

But our language is not without indications that the people retaliated upon their rulers in giving ill names. Our word *cheat* seems clearly derived from the escheats or legal forfeitures of property to the king or feudal lord, and which were often enforced under false pretences. The word *exact* has two meanings—as when we say anything is exactly correct, and when we speak of an extortionate exaction. It is derived from the Latin word *ex-actum*—forced out. The connection between these various and seemingly discordant meanings is seen when we remember that the claims of the feudal lords upon their serfs (or *servants*) were so exorbitant, that if *exactly exacted*, the *exaction* had to be forced out from them.

The suspicion with which all classes regarded learning is clearly indicated by one of the terms for magic, grammary—that is, grammar; a spell, or something read, was a magical incantation; a witty or knowing person, was a witch.

As a contrast to these expressions, which connect rudeness with rusticity, we may point out such words as urbane, civil, civilise, polish, polite, as all indicating the life or deportment characteristic of a citizen—*urbs* and *civis* being the Latin, and *polis* the Greek terms for a city. From *polis* we likewise get politics and policemen. Courtesy and courtship clearly enough originate with the court; and when a lady would be courteous, she makes a curtesy. From the court to the king is an easy transition. In our present use of the terms, to say that kingship implied cunning, would be invidious and disloyal; but a cunning man is originally one who kens, as our Scotch friends would say—that is, a *knowing* man—our Teutonic ancestors regarding knowing and doing as so closely connected, that to ken and to *can*, or to be able, were identical with them. The king, therefore, was he who knew most and could do most. Queen, or quean, like the Greek *gune*, with which it is connected, originally meant merely woman, then wife, and hence the *queen* came, to point out the wife of the king by pre-eminence. Noble is for notable, or known man. Peer means equal to, or on a *par* with, and originated in the equality of nobles in the feudal times. A duke is a *dux*, or leader; a marquis had charge of the marches, or frontiers of the kingdom; a count had the jurisdiction of a county, and gained his title from being a *comes*, or companion of the king; a viscount was *vice-count*; an earl and an alderman are now very remote from one another, but both are titles of honour, derived from seniority—they are early or elder men; a baron is a barrier, or defender; a baronet is a little baron; a sheriff is a shire-reeve—the reeve being an officer whose duty it was to levy fines and taxes.

#### TO MEMORY.

MEMORY! before thy shrine,  
The golden gifts of happy years we lay;  
All that we prize, all that we must resign,  
Keep, keep for us, we pray.

The flowers of life's fair spring,  
The songs, the fragrance of each sun-bright hour,  
Beauty and joy, to thee, to thee we bring;  
Keep them, oh, soothing power!

And every kindly face,  
And loving voice that round our path may dwell,  
With thy first treasures give to these a place;  
Guard them, oh guard them well!

The poet's thrilling lays,  
The lovely image, the majestic line,  
Heroic tales of deeds of lofty praise,  
Of constancy divine.

Keep all, we would implore,  
Against the time of grief, of pain, and fear;  
Then yield the hallowed offerings back once more,  
The failing heart to cheer.

In days of wintry gloom,  
Restore the cherished light of fairer hours;  
With softer fragrance, and with paler bloom,  
Give back thy hoarded flowers.

But freely we resign  
Cold words, harsh deeds, sad thoughts of grief and care;  
For these, invoke we not thy sheltering shrine;  
Why should these linger there?

Yet is there nought of pain,  
Nothing of sorrow, we may bring to thee?  
Must every tear alike that spot profane?  
Memory! it cannot be.

No; mournful things there are,  
Dear vanished forms, last looks of parted love,  
Heart-thrilling, solemn words, more precious far  
Than blither gifts may prove.

These, that we steep in tears,  
Our purest offerings, we before thee spread,  
Snatched from the wreck of overwhelming years,  
Bequeathed us by the dead.

Embalm them, we implore,  
And in the time of need their aid impart,  
To heavenly hopes and humble love once more  
To lead the wandering heart.

To paths of peace redeem  
The wavering spirit, thence so prone to stray;  
Send from thy altar-fires one hallowed gleam  
Along our devious way.

Our better hours renew,  
When earthly dreams obscure heaven's purer light;  
On us thy influence shed, a gentle dew,  
To keep the soul from blight.

Memory! before thy shrine  
The offering of our changeful years we lay;  
To thee the mingled treasures we resign;  
Guard them for us, we pray!

#### THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

THEY who pray constantly when they are well  
may pray comfortably when they are sick.

In vain do we pretend to seek God in prayer, if  
we do not seek him in our whole conduct.

Things never go well when the authority of a  
parent runs low in a family.

The most glorious victory over an enemy is to  
turn him into a friend.

Men may go a great way toward heaven and  
yet come short; nay, may go to hell with a good  
reputation.

That will break a proud man's heart which will  
not break a humble man's sleep.

## Varieties.

**THE STREETS OF NAPLES.**—"To the Campo Santo," said I, seating myself in one of the nondescript street vehicles, drawn by *impossible* horses—brutes of which you would *a priori* pronounce that none of them could survive one mile of the many through which they gallop gaily. The driver nodded intelligence, and we entered the Strada di Toledo, that characteristic thoroughfare of Naples, which is, from dawn to dark, what Fleet-street is from four to six o'clock in the afternoon, with the slight difference that one is all business, the other all idleness; but its roar and tumult are intensified by Italian vivacity, the embroilments and blocking up of the way are aggravated by the absence of all semblance of footpath—for the Neapolitan enjoys in perfection what the Frenchman calls "*la totalité de la rue*"—and I defy the most absent man on earth to abstract himself from all interest in the sights and sounds of the full tide of life which whirls and eddies round him. Such contrasts, too! Now a mountebank, now a monk, now a flaunting equipage, now a flambeaued funeral, goes past; roaring laughter at *Polchinella* mingles with a roaring *De Profundis* from the confraternity of brown sandalled officials, who jostle and stumble their way through the throng, heralding some corpse to its last home, their great tapers flaring in the sunlight, and dropping melted wax on the passers-by; while attendant urchins—incipient lazaroni—creep in the wake of each burly brother, and try to catch and treasure up the droppings of their ill-held funeral lights. High above all lies the dead man! borne aloft in fun holiday attire, bouquet in bosom! his prim, pinched features painted into a horrid mimicry of life, his attire ball-room like, his face heavenwards! and his way through the buzzing, swarming life about him, towards—dust and worms.—*Gleanings after Grand Tourists.*

**WHAT MEN WILL DO IN THE SERVICE OF SIN.**—Fox (in his earlier days), Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, etc., led such a life! Lord Tankerville said that he had played cards with Fitzpatrick at Brookes's from ten o'clock at night till near six o'clock the next afternoon, a waiter standing by to tell them "whose deal it was," they being too sleepy to know." Oh for like energy in holier pursuits!

**INDUSTRY.**—An hour's industry will do more to beget cheerfulness, suppress evil humour, and retrieve your affairs, than a month's moaning.

**WHICH IS MOST TO BE PITIED?**—"How I pity you," said Cardinal Massimi to Nicolo Poussin, "for not having a servant;" "and I" said the painter, "pity you much more for having such a number."

**A HUMBLE HOME.**—Are you not surprised to find how independent of money, peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed into the humblest home? A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion; but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.

**SECRET OF SUCCESS AT THE BAR.**—I asked Sir James Scarlett what was the secret of his pre-eminent success as an advocate. He replied that he took care to press home the one principal point of the case, without paying much regard to the others. He also said that he knew the secret of being short. "I find," said he, "that when I exceed half-an-hour, I am always doing mischief to my client; if I drive into the heads of the jury important matter, I drive out matter more important than I had previously lodged there."—*Buxton.*

**ASTONISHING THE ARABS.**—Descending the hill diagonally by an easy path, in a direction a little east of north, we reached the plain, and soon after rode into the large village of Kuteifeh, where we dismounted for our lunch. . . . It was a strange and picturesque assemblage that gathered round us in that old chamber; and a wilder looking scene could not be well imagined than that which met our view when the crackling branches on the hearth threw out a flame sufficient to light up their features and reveal the bright colours of their gay costumes. The white turbans, embroidered coats, dark faces, long beards, and flashing eyes, appeared to advantage in the dim and fitful light. But the lively and strange conversation had still more interest for me than countenance or costume.

Almost the whole topic of discussion was the Frank visitors and their country. Some of those present, who assumed a kind of authority because they had seen half-a-dozen *Inglees* in their lives, astonished the others by wondrous stories of their prowess and knowledge. The expulsion of the great Ibrahim Pasha by their fleets was well remembered, and the taking of Sidon, and bombardment of Acre, were spoken of as manifesting a greater than human power. As a crowning proof of unparalleled wisdom, one man made the following remark:—"These English can go where they please by day or night, by land or sea; for they have an instrument that shows them the way to any place." "*Wallah!* and is it so?" said the son of the sheikh, turning to us with a look of intense curiosity. An appeal was at once made to us in verification of the statement. I produced a small pocket compass, and, placing it near the light, let them see how it always pointed the same way. It was turned and turned again, but still it pointed to the *Kibleh*. After all had tried in vain to direct it to any other point, I took my knife, and placed the point of the steel near the compass, when the needle at once turned towards my hand. I moved it round, but still the needle followed. "Wonderful! wonderful!" cried our young host. "The Franks have the power of *Jinns!*" exclaimed an old man by his side.—*Porter's Five Years in Damascus.*

**DYING RICH.**—Who is he that dies rich? That man dies rich, and *only* that man, who—when he leaves behind him a little, or more, or nothing—has *before him* a treasure laid up in heaven. Who dies poor? He that, whatever he leaves behind him, has nothing laid up in heaven. He dies poor.

**SPARROWS IN GARDENS.**—A writer in the *Times*, in reference to the destruction of sparrows, gives the result of his experience, which, he says, "I have no doubt will be of some service to all who, having gardens, are endeavouring to keep a few flowers in the suburbs of London. Being rather fond of gardening, I did not, of course, like to see the young shoots of my pinks and other plants carefully picked out. Upon examining the question dispassionately, I came to the conclusion that this depredation on the part of my pugnacious and querulous friends was one of necessity, and that they were compelled to it by hunger. I accordingly applied a remedy which was as efficacious as it was astonishing. It was simply this: Every morning before breakfast I soaked a few hard crusts and stale pieces of bread, and threw them out on the walk in my garden, and gave three distinct whistles. After the first week they understood the signal, and came regularly when called, and, if I happened to be a little after my time, I found them quietly perched upon the branches of the trees and shrubs nearest the window, awaiting their daily meal. From that moment I have never had reason to complain of their conduct—not a young shoot or any seeds were touched by them. I have now continued this experiment for upwards of five years, the last three in Kensington, where I keep up the custom, although the shady and north-easterly aspect of my garden has forced me to abandon growing any flowers. I have a large pear tree, but I have never discovered any injury done to the fruit by the sparrows."

**A LOSS AND A GAIN.**—This is the first heavy loss which you have ever experienced; hereafter the bitterness of the cup will have passed away, and you will then perceive its wholesomeness. This world is all to us till we suffer some such loss, and every such loss is a transfer of so much of our hearts and hopes to the next; and they who live long enough to see most of their friends go before them, feel that they have more to recover by death than to lose by it. This is not the mere speculation of a mind at ease. Almost all who were about me in my childhood have been removed. I have brothers, sisters, friends, father, mother, and child in another state of existence, and assuredly I regard death with very different feelings from that I should have done if none of my affections were fixed beyond the grave. To dwell upon the circumstances which, in this case, lessen the evil of separation, would be idle; at present you acknowledge, and in time you will feel them.—*Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey.*